Volume 11 Number 4 • 10 cents per copy
May 16, 1934 • Carmel

CARMEL
CENTAURS
CAUGHT
CASTING
CARRIERS

QUO VADIS?

IN A MOMENT of relaxation, away from the turmoil of the news of the day, news that is sometimes distorted, news that is so obviously biased and partisan, we browse through a musty old school book.

Away in the back of this book we find a paragraph that is so old, so antiquated, that at times it seems as if even the teachers have forgotten it is there.

It was written in the Year of our Lord 1787 in a day when similar unrest filled the hearts of the people, when crime was also known and feared, when policial chicanery was as dangerous as it is now, and when news reports were also exaggerated and colored, depending upon which party held the loyalty of the local town crier.

The men that devised this paragraph faced the same problems then as we do now. All things seemed uncertain to them and it is a same terrible uncertainty that we are facing now. That's why this small paragraph makes such heartening reading to a person who reads daily that soon only funerals will be allowed to travel the public highways, that public meetings are a signal for fat-headed cops to wield their leaded bludgeons, that society dowagers are giving trifling portions of their unearned increment to various "pink" organizations in the hope that "if" revolution comes said dowagers will be spared a ride in the tumbril.

The paragraph is Article I of the Amendments of the Constitution of the United States and a gentleman from Virginia signs to it the signature of G. Washington. It reads . . .

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

That was their idea back in 1787, but what is ours in this Year of our Lord 1934?

What are we headed for? Red revolution, Co-operative Communism, Silver Shirt-ism, government by parlor pinks, or what?

The tide is turning. Already some of the alleged aristocracy are forgetting the famous "let 'em eat cake" doctrine and are throwing sops to the unemployed. Why?

Is America really going to adopt the teachings of Mussolini, Hitler or Stalin?

The answer in the colloquial, gentlemen, is this, "Nuts!"

Perhaps we are waving the flag a bit, but the fact remains that America is still America, and will be for a longer time than the nasty Nazis care to admit. We've been through some tough times, and perhaps there are a lot tougher ones coming.

But, underneath it all, there is still a lot of faith in the writings of those gentlemen who drafted that so little read document known as the "Bill of Rights."

Today we cheer our administration. Tomorrow we may cuss it. But, my friends, this IS America, and we're on our way. We are on our way to a realization that those old ideas and ideals are *right*. And the rights of the individual, the rights of Americanism, represent the true needs of this mighty nation.

Thus we say, in moderate tones, and forebearing the use of harsher words, *away* with all other *isms* emanating from foreign portions of a still badly-run yet best of all possible worlds.

—P. O'C.

The Villager - Carmel-by-the-Sea - California

ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1933 / Published Weekly by the Carmel Press, Incorporated / EUGENE A. H. WATSON, *Editor*

WILLIAM L. OVERSTREET / PETER O'CROTTY / JANET LARGE / EDWARD FILES, *Editorial Staff*

The Carmel Press and the Editors are not responsible in any manner whatsoever for articles appearing or for opinions expressed in the columns of this magazine other than those that bear their signatures

All rights reserved / Permission to reprint granted only on application in writing

Subscription Rate: $3.00 a year; Canada and abroad, $3.60 a year

☼ ☼ ☼ ☼ ☼ ☼

Late News Release! Ross Cowen Elopes!

Romantically dashing across the border into Nevada with his prospective bride, Mary Ingels, Carmel's cavalier Rosslyn J. Cowen, actor, entrepreneur, thespian, bard, poet, mummer, and strolling player, left this city late last night to become a benedict as well as a leading man in Chicago's presentation of "The Drunkard."

At least this was the rumor sent by leased wire to THE VILLAGER by Cowen himself, who also is well remembered for having been a Western Union boy in Pacific Grove. If the story is verified, THE VILLAGER joins with Carmel in congratulating the young couple, and wishes them many happy returns of the day.

Barn Dance Tickets Now On Sale

Tickets for the Old Monterey Polo Club barn dance, to be given on June 9, are now being sold by the members of the committee, and all who plan to attend are urged to make reservations now. If you cannot locate a member of the committee, call the Monterey Chamber of Commerce and make reservations through them.

The barn dance is being given to raise funds to send the local American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, former state champions, to the state convention that will be held in San Francisco this year.

Mae West, who has been invited to attend the affair by a personal friend of hers on the committee, is in the East at present, but it is hoped that she will return in time to accept the invitation.

Tickets will cost one dollar, with a two-bits cover charge for those who wish to reserve a table.

The dance will be strictly informal and all who attend are urged to wear costumes that will give them a "hick" appearance.

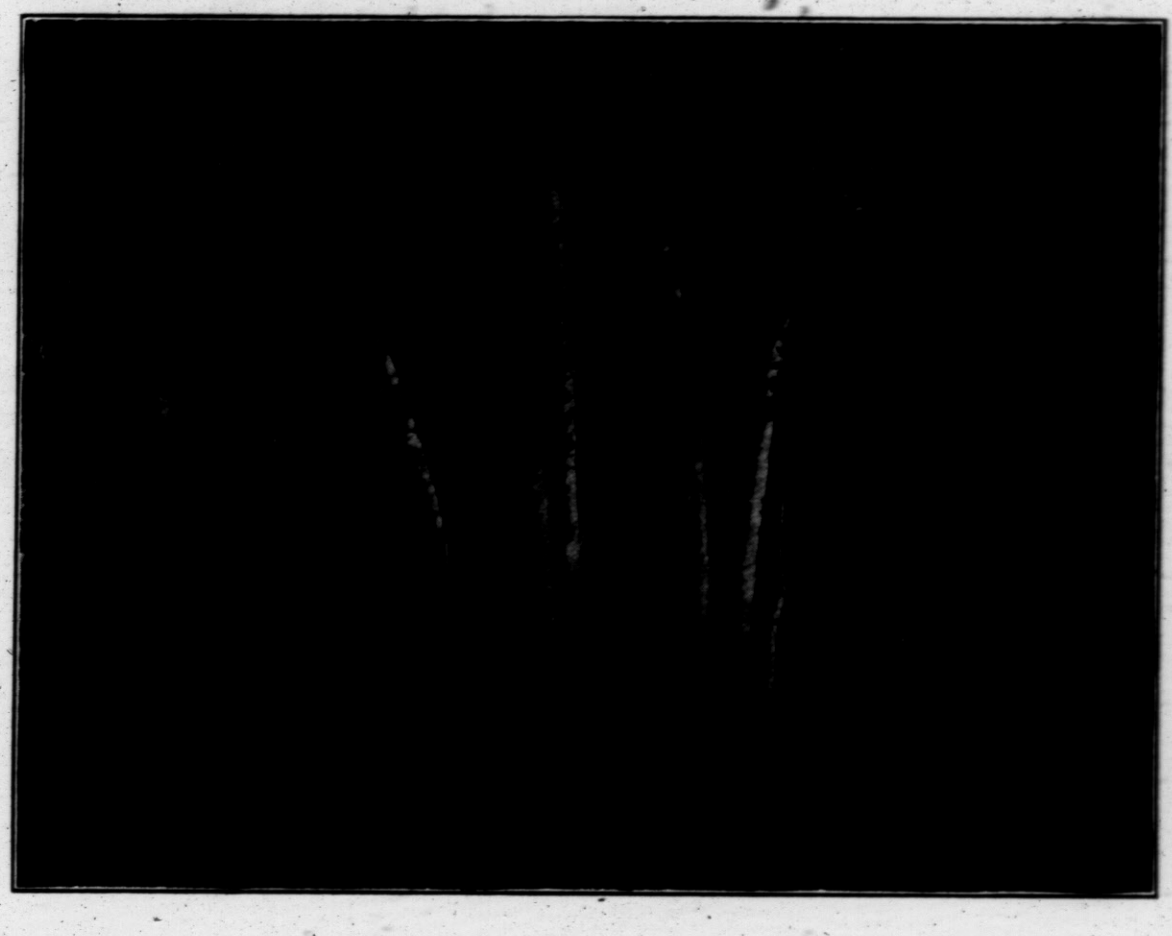
Pine Inn Play Reading Very Well Received

Reading to an unexpectedly large audience, the play reading group last Monday night gave a very well received version of St. John Ervine's comedy, "Anthony and Anna."

The cast included such luminaries as Anna Marie Baer, George McMenamin, Hal Garrott, Arthur Story, Eugene Watson, Tom Thienes, Henry Hasty and Eloise Carwyle.

An especial feature was the well-handled introduction to the play by Miss Carwyle, which was so amusingly done as to put the audience immediately into just the right mood for the play itself.

It has not been determined yet as to whether these play readings will continue on any definite schedule, but it is hoped that the group will foregather from time to time during the summer season.



The Theatre

STAGE / CONCERT HALL / CINEMA

David Belasco's famous play, "The Girl of the Golden West," will be presented by the Mountain Players in the Mountain Theatre on Mount Tamalpias, Marin County, Sunday, May 20th.

The Mountain Theatre is the only amphitheatre of its kind in the world. The stage is 2000 feet above sea level and the players have for their background a vista which includes San Francisco Bay and is bounded by the mountain ranges of the Pacific Coast 100 miles away.

It will be of interest to Carmel people to know that the Mountain Theatre was built at the suggestion of Ex-mayor John Catlin who got the idea when he visited Carmel in 1912 and saw "The Frog" at the Forest Theater.

William Kent, famous conservationist and friend of President Wilson, presented the site of the theatre to the Mountain Play association for the purpose of a yearly festival. The gift was made as a memorial to Sidney B. Cushing.

The first play was put on in the Mountain Theatre in 1913 when "Abraham and Issac," a miracle play, was presented. Catlin underwrote this production and the profit on this first presentation was fifty cents.

In a recent communication to Catlin, G. S. Arnold, son-in-law of the late William Kent, stated that sometime in June the Marin Symphony Association will give a concert. The exact date will be announced after "The Girl of the Golden West" is presented.

Kent, in his will, provided that the land now occupied by the theatre be used for just that and nothing else, and left the theatre in charge of seven trustees of which John Catlin is one.

/ / /

Threatening to rival the Los Angeles production of "The Drunkard," the roadshow unit, which is also under the direction of Galt Bell and Preston Shobe, is playing its second week at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco and it may stay indefinitely.

Starting from Los Angeles one month ago, the roadshow unit of "The Drunkard" has played to packed houses in Fresno, Modesto, Santa Barbara and San Francisco. After the management of the Palace Hotel announced last week that they would like the play to stay at least two months, Galt Bell, who has been with the road show, rushed south to organize a new company to fill engagements in Bakersfield, Tucson, Phoenix, Ft. Worth, Dallas, and the eastern states.

San Francisco dramatic critics are loud in their praise of the fine entertainment provided by this old "weeper."

/ / /

Rehearsals for "Dangerous Corner," the Community Players' next production, have been going along nicely, according to a statement made by Gordon Davis, director.

"The play has an excellent cast," says Davis, "and, save for a few small rough spots that will be easily smoothed out during the three weeks left for rehearsal, will be ready to give a first class performance on the opening night, May 30th."

"Dangerous Corner" is something on the order of a mystery play but is more absorbing than the usual run of mystery thrillers in that the action of the play lies in showing the characters for what they really are before the final curtain falls.

Davis directed "Dangerous Corner" once before when it was presented at the Fairmont Theatre in San Francisco and received the praise of dramatic critics there.

Stephen Rathbun of the New York *Sun* says of "Dangerous Corner": "'Dangerous Corner' is a skillfully written play. J. B. Priestly has made a flawless mosaic. Every piece fits. I can recommend it as being far above this season's [1932] average good play. Well acted and well cast, it holds one's interest right through to the final curtain."

"Dangerous Corner" will be presented by the Carmel Community Players in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on the evenings of May 30, 31, and June 1 and 2.

In the cast are Paula Dougherty, Olga Fish, Ruth Thompson, Mary Henderson, Lloyd Weer, By Ford and Bud Mills.

/ / /

An orchid to Edward Kuster's Golden Bough Players. In fact, a whole armful of orchids could not express the pride that Carmel should feel toward this organization, both collectively and individually.

Last Thursday evening at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco the players, under the direction of Edward Kuster, presented as their entry in the Drama Tournament, "The Mother of Gregory," a one act play by Maurice Browne.

Originally a competition between forty-five Community Drama Groups, the program Thursday night consisted of plays given by four of the remaining twelve groups. The plays for this particular evening were unpublished ones.

The Golden Bough Players were second on the program to present their play and their offering was greeted by such a spontaneous outburst of applause that there was no doubt as to the excellence of the production.

Too much cannot be said for the wonderful performance given by Miss Georgia Wapple, who played the leading role of the mother of *Gregory*. First, she looked the part and secondly, she acted it. Her make-up was perfect and her costume very effective. Her voice, expression, and manner were admirably suited to the difficult part she was playing. The only other feminine role was very ably taken by Miss Betty Myers, a beautiful and talented young lady whom we hope to see in some of the productions in Carmel this summer.

The part of *Gregory* was taken by Evert Sholund and, as always, this young man did his part with poise and distinction.

The remaining part was played by Edward Kuster, that of an ancient servant, and his excellent voice and acting added much to the performance.

The judges for Thursday night's plays announced shortly after the end of the fourth performance that in their opinion the offering of the Golden Bough Players merited first place, and their decision was greeted enthusiastically by the audience, and, needless to say, it tremendously pleased those back stage who had worked very hard to make a good production of their play.

—FRANK HEFLING

/ / /

Pat Patterson was charming in "Bottoms Up." As a comedian this little English girl is grand. Nothing "thexthy" about her, and is it a relief?

For the first time John Boles proved that he had more than a good voice and nice eyes. He can act, too! All in all, it was a very amusing show.

"Riptide" is coming this week and we are told that Norma Shearer is as lovely and sophisticated as only the Shearer can be.

Our compliments to Mr. Lyons, the manager of the Carmel Theatre. He is a most considerate host, and we have as yet to see a really dull picture at his theatre. —J. L.

Observations and Meditations

By The Observer

Is it necessary to be a Councilman for two years before discovering what type of structure our fire equipment is housed in?

The Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific printed a report dated March, 1932, with their recommendations. Did the Council get excited about it then or do anything?

' ' '

Are you more interested in the entertainment and cultivation of your mind than in the ease and comfort of your body and/or the driving of your car? You may have an opportunity to answer this?

There is a rumor that the street department will ask for money, and more money, for oiling streets. If the amount rumored is true, it would seem a lot if added to or taken off the Library budget.

' ' '

Why does a certain type of citizen of Monterey and Pacific Grove want a submarine base in Monterey bay? Is it possible that a selfish interest in personal gain has more to do with this desire than national patriotism? The recent exposure and disclosure of the activities of the international interlocking financiers and munitions makers makes one wonder what is the real cause of so-called national defense.

If the Navy believes that a submarine base on the Pacific coast is necessary, are private citizens conceited enough to think they know more about its proper location than the experts in the Navy Department?

' ' '

Help! Police! When is a signal not a signal? The Police Department want a signal. The Council apparently is willing to provide it, but cannot decide whether it should be an audible or visual one. Will a bell be an annoyance? Can you see a light around a corner?

' ' '

Chester Rowell says the big crime problem is juvenile delinquency. He claims that environment and training will prevent many from becoming delinquent, and reduce our crime bills of the future. Perhaps supervised recreational activities would be good insurance.

' ' '

Why did the Forest Theater improvement project fail of acceptance? Why did the Sewage Disposal bonds fail to carry? Why did the City Hall bonds fail to carry? Why is the recreational appropriation being held up? All on account of insufficient information being collected and given out so that each question could be properly and thoroughly understood. It seems to be a Carmel habit.

' ' '

That is a good suggestion to have a combined committee make a real study of the need for, cost of, and possibilities of a City Hall and Fire House, either together or separate. Now we may have the chance to learn something.

' ' '

Does anyone know if anything is being done to take care of the unemployment problem in Carmel? What about reenlisting our former faithful Employment Commission?

"Gray Friars" May Come Here

Interest in the Serra Festival, to be held at Mission Carmelo in Carmel late in August, will be enhanced by the endeavor to bring here from far places two surviving members of the "Gray Friars" (Franciscans), of which Father Junipero Serra was one. One of these friars is said to be living at a remote monastery in the Argentine; the other in Spain. Both have been sent invitations. Bishop Philip G. Scher of the Monterey-Fresno Diocese, who is now in Rome, will get in personal touch with the friar in Spain.

The title role of "Junipero Serra," the Mission play, will be enacted by George Marion, its author. The cast will include Frederic Burt, Helen Ware, and many other well-known professional and amateur stage people.

The festival is being organized and directed by committees headed by the Rev. Michael D. O'Connell and D. L. Staniford.

Scavenger Hunt Held by Polo Club

By Richard Masten

The Old Monterey Polo Club had a scavenger hunt last Wednesday night.

What is a "scavenger hunt"? Why, it's something like a treasure hunt, with the more or less important exception that it disturbs more innocent bystanders. And there's a moral in it which the writer, who happened to win, discovered after all was over.

At first blush it might seem that the moral had something to do with the nobility of human effort and the indomitable quality of our American will. Given a list of ten objects, the badminton-playing poloists were directed to get as many as they could in an hour and return with them.

The list follows:

1. Mushroom
2. Abalone shell, 5x7
3. Nightshirt, preferably flannel
4. Button shoe
5. Horse hair, full length
6. Strange alley cat
7. False tooth
8. Live moth
9. Champagne bottle
10. Bible

In an hour my charming partner and I had gathered all but the shoe, disrupting a dinner party at Ben Wright's, scaring a nurse girl at Charlie Frost's, invading the hallowed sanctity of Del Monte's upper dining room, where the unruffled Parker dispatched one minion for a mushroom and another for a champagne bottle, disturbing the nightly calm of Bettie Greene's stables, and getting cooperation and sympathy from John Jordan at Pine Inn, and an alley cat and a moth at Leidig's. Not to mention the set of false teeth that a helpful little boy, whose parents were not at home, loaned us.

Anyhow, we won, having performed prodigies of acquisition and quick thinking. And it was then that we discovered the real nature of the moral. We received the prize—a can of Monterey sardines, the overgrown variety. After that everybody ate, a tasty meal shared by winner and loser alike.

So, in life, he who hews to the line comes out ahead by about one can of large sized sardines—but has an awfully good time in the process.

New Band Coming to Hotel Del Monte

Jack Sounders and his nine piece orchestra from San Francisco will replace Ed Fitzpatrick's band at Hotel Del Monte, according to a statement made by Carl Stanley, manager of the hotel.

Sounders has been playing over the Columbia Broadcasting System and at the Bal Tabarin in San Francisco.

' ' '

Mrs. H. S. Nye is the incoming president of the Carmel Woman's club as the result of the election held on Monday of last week. Other officers chosen were: first vice-president, Mrs. Russell J. Goodnow; third vice-president, Miss Elizabeth Armstrong; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Ruth Matthews Lewis; recording secretary, Mrs. G. C. Ricketson; treasurer, Mrs. Everett Smith; directors at large, Mrs. C. J. Ryland and Mrs. J. B. McCarthy.

The Tiger Wins A Fall

A SHORT STORY

By Edward Files

"Tiger" O'Doole stood his two hundred ten pounds in the center of the floor and looked down at the sobbing girl.

"Well, for jeez! what are you crying about now?" he asked. The blond head lifted and tear-filled gray eyes gazed pitifully at him.

"I guess I'm crying because I love you so much and you care so little for me," she answered. The "Tiger" scratched his close-cropped bullet head and rubbed a cauliflower ear.

"Well, jeez, I don't see nothin' to cry about. I been good to ya, ain't I?"

"Yes. You been good to me." The girl got up, crossed to the cheap bureau with the cracked mirror, dried her eyes and began to freshen her spoiled make-up.

The "Tiger" shoved his huge knotty hands into the pockets of his baggy trousers.

"Well, jeez, what is it then? I hates a bawlin' dame." His slanted brow wrinkled in bewilderment.

The girl turned from the mirror and faced him.

"You've never said you loved me," she accused. The wrinkles in the "Tiger's" forehead grew deeper. Dames puzzled him. The more you learned about them the less you knew.

"I told ya I could never love *one* dame," he explained. "I likes 'em all but I don't love any of 'em."

Tears filled the girl's eyes again. "That's the trouble," she choked, "you don't like me any better than the other dames you've played with."

"I told ya I liked ya better than any of the rest, ain't I?" The "Tiger" nervously ran a finger under his flat nose and sniffed.

"But you never show it. You never take me any place any more."

"I took you to a movie last night."

The girl sat on the edge of the bed again.

"Yeah, a movie," she scoffed. "But where do you take Rose? To a cabaret—that's where!"

"Aw, Rose don't mean nothin' to me. She's just got class and edjicashun and can meet people. That's all."

Tears started afresh and ran down the girl's cheeks in tiny rivulets.

"Wha—wha—what about the others?" she sobbed.

The "Tiger" was stumped. Jeez! women were funny. A fellow couldn't tell what they would pull next. Why'n hell didn't she stop bawlin'?

"Can I help it if I'm a champeen rassler and the women go nuts about me?" he countered.

The girl dabbed at her eyes with a tiny handkerchief.

"Well," she said, "if you like me as much as you say you do, you could at least show it. A woman likes a little romance."

"Jeez! don't I come and see ya?" He took a package of cigarettes from his pocket, lit one and blew a great cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Yes, you come to see me—about once a week."

"But I got other things to do, Margie. I gotta train an'—"

"—and be with other women," finished Margie. She took a cigarette the "Tiger" offered her and lit it. She could tell by his fussed manner that he was weakening and, unless she missed her guess, he would be saying he was sorry before long. He might even be good for a touch.

"Aw, now, I just go out with other women because—because—well, because they is my public." The "Tiger" grinned inwardly at this so clever speech.

Margie threw herself back on the bed and blew smoke rings into the air.

"Just the same a woman likes to have a little romance. Like in the movie last night. You didn't see the hero playin' around with other dames, did you? You bet you didn't. He was true to her and he brought her flowers and candy."

"I brought you a box of candy wunst, baby," put in the "Tiger."

"Yeah, you brought me a *bag* of *gumdrops* once. You lent me five bucks once, too, but you bet your life you asked me for it when I got paid," ridiculed Margie.

The "Tiger" paced the floor slowly.

"But times is hard, baby. I gotta make every cent count until the boss can find someone for me to rassle wit'."

"Just the same a box of candy or some flowers once in a while helps out a whole lot. There's romance in the thought that's behind somethin' like that.

"Like in the movie last night when the hero had to go away he gave his sweetie a potted plant and said he would see her in the spring when it bloomed again, and, sure enough, he came back in the spring just as the first buds began to appear. That's romance."

Margie sighed deeply. The "Tiger" sat on the bed beside her.

"Gee, baby," he said, "I guess there ain't much romance in me. I don't go in for this pink tea stuff. It makes a guy feel kinda foolish."

He leaned across her and bent down as if to kiss her. She blew smoke in his face and got up and went across the room.

"Oh, no." she said. "There'll be no more playing until you can prove to me that you can be a little more thoughtful."

The "Tiger" rubbed a hand across his forehead. Jeez! but women were funny.

"I guess you're right about this romance stuff meanin' a lot to wimmen," he said apologetically. "Jeez! I guess that's why I can't get anywheres with—" He was on the verge of saying "Rose" but he caught himself in time and said: "—wimmen."

Margie looked out the window to hide a smile. She had the big sap where she wanted him now. She hated herself for liking the big, simple-looking boob but there was something about him that attracted her—and other women.

The "Tiger" got up and took his hat off the rickety table by the door.

"I guess I've treated you pretty rotten," he said. "I didn't know how much this romance stuff meant to a woman." He stepped over to the mirror and, with awkward fingers, adjusted his ready-made bow tie and put on his hat. He stood for some moments and gazed at Margie's back. Jeez! but women got a guy down sometimes. Finally he said:

"Well, I gotta go over to the gym and work out." The girl remained motionless, gazing out the window. The "Tiger" went to the door and started to leave.

"I'll be seein' ya," he said and shut the door behind him.

Margie turned and made a face at the door as it closed. The big boob! She'd show him he couldn't two-time her and make her like it. She'd let him worry awhile and maybe he would come down to earth. What in hell was there about him that she liked? She had asked herself this same question a hundred times before and could never give herself an answer.

She was at the cheap bureau a few minutes later putting on more make-up when there was a knock at the door. It was a boy with a potted plant wrapped carefully in green waxed paper.

"A big guy just bought this in the old man's flower shop downstairs and told me to bring it up to this apartment," explained the boy. "He said you would give me a quarter."

Margie frowned. "The cheap skate!" she muttered as she dug into her purse for the coin. Well, anyway it was worth it. She hadn't expected results so soon. She gave the boy the quarter and took the plant.

There was a card attached. She sat the plant on the table by the door and read:

"Dere Margie,

The guy that sold me this said it was a centery plant and would bloom in a hunered years. I'll be seeing ya. Tiger."

Girl Swims After Fish That's News!

The icy waters of Carmel Bay hold no terrors for pretty Miss Maria Kampanoff, twenty year old San Francisco girl who is visiting in Carmel for two weeks.

Miss Kampanoff arrived in Carmel a few days ago all set for a grand and glorious vacation. But her idea of a vacation wasn't just lying on the sand at the beach and getting a nice golden tan. She wanted action. So she went deep-sea fishing off the rocks near the Pebble Beach golf course.

She had never been fishing before but she had a good idea of how it was done. Carefully she tied the hook and sinkers to the line and baited her hook. She then stood up, twirled the throw line around her head and let it go. It was then that she realized she had made a mistake. She had forgotten to fasten the line and it all went in. Without thinking twice, Miss Kampanoff, clothes and all, dove into the water, swam twenty yards to where the line was and brought it out.

When asked if the water was cold, she stated that she didn't even feel it.

She's sniffing today but she had her fun. And she caught some fish, too.

Doin's of the City Fathers

The Carmel City Council held a brief session last Wednesday evening, the main purpose of which was to give effect to an ordinance changing the meeting hour from 7:30 to 8:15 p.m.

Incidental business included the partial appointment of a committee of five, which, at the request of a group of citizens, will look into the feasibility and desirability of again submitting to a vote the city hall and firehouse proposition. The four members of the committee, appointed so far, are Councilmen James Thoburn, Robert Norton and Bernard Rowntree, and Eugene Watson.

June 6th was the date set for a discussion, by all parties interested, of affairs concerning the public library.

The Council voiced opposition to appropriating $300 toward a proposed recreation program. While favoring the plan, the members did not feel that the condition of the city treasury warranted the expense. Furthermore, there is some question as to the city's liability in case of accident, which could not be settled at the meeting, due to the absence of City Attorney Argyll Campbell. The matter comes to a vote tonight.

Also at tonight's meeting action will be taken on a prepared resolution of the Monterey Bay Submarine Base Committee, which urges the establishment somewhere on Monterey Bay of a submarine base, stating that the location would be ideal and that the project would cost much less than if located elsewhere.

* * *

In the matter of retaining or reducing the amount of city tax money budgeted to the Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library, the following interview with Councilman Joseph A. Burge, published in the *Carmel Sun* of May 10th, not only expressed his own views in the matter, but probably the views of the City Council as a whole:

> "I would not for a minute be in favor of closing down the library, or for cutting down its efficiency. It is an educational feature and was donated to us and I feel that we should support it for the sake of our townspeople and our visitors. I should like very much, however, to see just where the tax money is being used and to hear from the public any suggestions for making it better at less cost."

Byways From Highways

Hecker Pass

By THE TRAVELER

(Readers are invited to send in similar contributions of their favorite *side* trips around our interesting country. What is your favorite drive? Won't you write us a description of it?—Ed.)

Are you prosaic of soul? Or adventurous? Do you always go and come to San Jose, for instance, or beyond, on the State Highway? Never take the various other routes?

Don't you sometimes go up over the old San Juan grade? For auld lang syne,—and to see if the "four-o'clocks" are making those hundreds of acres of Persian rugs this year, that they did in Mays before the new road? Or over the old, *old* San Juan road, clear at the top, for aulder langer syne? Where the first motors had to go, and where we all had to go until twenty years ago. That rutty, narrow, twisty, twiny old dirt road that the horse pulled heavy iron-tired vehicles over for fifty years or more before there ever was a gasoline buggy—and that does have its thrills and still takes real driving.

Or do you take the paved road through Chittenden Canon sometimes, "just for a change," and come out at Pajaro and home along the sand dunes and through Moss Landing and Castroville?

Or better still, do you turn west about two miles south of Morgan Hill, where one sign straight ahead on the highway says "Gilroy 8 miles" and the one at right angles, westward, says (what does it say?) And you first wander ten miles or so through lovely orchard country, getting nearer and nearer the ever looming blue-green mountains, until you find yourself slowly rising in a redwood canon, green and cool and luscious. The road is paved, always wide enough for two cars to pass comfortably. The ascent, while very winding, never gives one to fear. It is a cosy, homey, loving redwood canon, but not spectacular.

You arrive at the top of Hecker Pass, spin along a few hundred yards of level road between grassy hillsides—and then—*there* is the spectacle. And what a spectacle!

You want to be sure and choose this drive for the first time on a day that is clear at sea, for here is Monterey Bay like a blue and green map spread at your feet, and the Pacific Ocean looming in the background. Literally, looming. Isn't it uncanny, the way the sea grows high when you look at it from a mountain!

The descent into Watsonville is staccatoed with exclamations at the unfolding beauty below you—if it is not shrouded in fog.

And from Watsonville and Pajaro is that same lovely drive with tantalizing glimpses of the sea between sand dunes that one gets if one has come to Pajaro through Chittenden Canon.

And most of the year you come home with a last memory of great bushes of yellow lupin, of sand verbenas, of ravishing poppies, and are astonished to discover that you have made as good (?) time (or almost as?) as on the far less interesting highway, and that the road is actually several miles shorter.

Danna's Quality Market
We undersell all advertised prices
Best Meats and Groceries
Wholesale - Retail
571 Lighthouse Avenue - Monterey
Telephone 3144

RUSSIAN OR AMERICAN DINNERS EVERY NIGHT
AT THE
Russian Tea Room
in Monterey
Afternoon Tea Service That is Different
Opposite New Post Office Monterey

The Autobiography of An Adolescent

AN ANONYMOUS NOVEL

(And herewith we find our hero taketh his departure from the sea-going craft and he meeteth a beauteous young girl.)

CHAPTER 4

. . . a lot of shouting and blowing of whistles the old tub docked.

It seemed as if every one tried to get off the boat ahead of everyone else and I didn't blame them. I was thinking it might not be a bad idea myself when the Swede quartermaster caught me standing around doing nothing. He ordered me aft with instructions to clean everything out of every life boat as there would be a fire underwriters' inspection that afternoon. I never knew a ship carried so many life boats. About eleven o'clock I told the Swede that I thought my watch was from four to eight and that I would like to take a rest. You should have heard his reply. It probably would have struck me as being funny if I hadn't felt the way I did. The squarehead knew that I was a green hand and I saw that he meant to ride me. He ordered me aloft with a can of polish and a rag to shine the big whistle. I took my time getting up to it as I was pretty tired and I managed to fasten my belt around a rung of the iron ladder before I began to polish.

Suddenly there was a terriffic blast in my ear that sounded as if the world had come to an end. The Swede stood grinning like an ape on the bridge where he held the whistle rope in his hand. As soon as I got over being dizzy I climbed down and found him very well pleased with himself. I said to him a few of the words that I remembered, from the many applied to me, and he hit me a wallop in the ribs. It was then that I learned the only valuable lesson that my nautical experience taught me. I swung with all my strength and hit him in the head with my right hand just as the skipper came around the corner. The deck must have been slippery because the Swede fell down and I stood there holding my hand. The Old Man told me to get my things and get off the boat and it was the only welcome order I had heard since leaving San Pedro the night before.

Well, there I was, right back where I started from. I didn't have any money so I walked up Market Street until I came to a hotel. It has always been a habit of mine to at least dress the part, no matter what role I was playing, and as a result the clothes I wore and the sea bag were not the proper costume for the St. Francis. All I needed was a parrot in a cage and a monkey on my shoulder and I could have gotten into the Seamen's Institute without a murmur.

San Francisco is a swell town if you have any money, but I've since found out that any town is pretty tough if you are absolutely flat. Thinking of money caused me to think of my room mate, P. Morris. It might be that he would have a bit of spare change.

Palo Alto is a long walk from San Francisco, and although I was glad of being where I had an opportunity to walk if I wanted to, that was still too far. A peninsula bus, stopping at a dark intersection, inadvertently achieved a non-paying passenger, and I hung on the trunk compartment in the rear hoping like the dickens that this bus went to Paly and not somewhere else.

I made it to Redwood City before the driver investigated the report of an old lady that he had a stowaway. I was going to run when he came around to the rear but I thought it wasn't worth the effort. He asked me what the idea was hanging on the back of his bus and I told him that I needed fresh air and that it was a little idiosyncracy of mine to ride that way. He said I'd better come on up front and ride with him as I might fall off back there. The old bat that snitched on me had the rest of her ride spoilt listening to me shoot the works with that swell driver.

I've since found out in my wanderings that the so-called lower classes, the truck drivers, laborers, stevedores and even some cops, are a whole lot whiter than some school teachers and a lot of leading citizens. I even like a few sea captains now.

It was pretty late when I walked up the road at Encino Hall. Most of the lights were out. I pushed into P. Morris' room and told him to move over. The other two guys in the room, Mel Lindsey and Bill Beard, looked disappointed, but old P. whooped.

"I told you guys he'd be back inside of a week," the big fathead hollered. "That makes five apiece you each owe me."

My pal betting on my lack of ability! Just for that I told him that I was going back to Southern California on the bus in the morning as his guest. He only said that it would be a relief as he'd never really liked Southern California and that would be a good way to get even with the country.

In the morning I left him one of his shirts and took several of the other fellows'. I left early because I didn't want to be seen around the campus. My brother had a class in higher mathematics and I made P. and the other lads promise to keep mum about my having been back. The bus ride south was pretty uneventful except for a girl from Portland whose aunt wouldn't let her talk to me. She was going to Hollywood where she had won a beauty contest and after her aunt fell asleep I had a little fun telling her all I was supposed to know about the movies.

I hadn't made any plans but I thought that as long as I knew all there was to know about the sea, I might just as well become a movie director or producer or something where I could meet a lot of beauty contest winners. I told her to write me a note at the Hollywood Hotel and I'd see her sometime. I knew that meant driving into Hollywood to ask if any mail had been left there for me, but it was better than letting her know I lived in a hick town like Santa Monica. Funny, I didn't see that girl again until a long time later, in Honolulu, but she remembered me. I like girls like that.

I thought for a long time of an interesting alibi for my return, but when I arrived home, darned if I didn't just tell them that I was fed up with sea and a sailor's life. Dad asked me what I proposed to do, and I said I'd let him know just as soon as I found out myself.

(To be continued next week)

Stanley Wood Portrays Dynamic Achievement

Stanley Wood, well known local artist, has, in the last issue of *Fortune*, a portfolio of water-colors done by him on the site of Boulder Dam where he was recently assigned as "state artist" by the Public Works of Art Project set up by a grant of the Civil Works Administration.

Mr. Wood is but one of the 2,532 artists to whom, since November, the Public Works of Art Project has given a couple of months' work at craftsmen's wages in the embellishment of public buildings and public works and parks throughout the country.

"Stanley Wood is one of the many able American artists who are not widely known"; says *Fortune*, "whose work is highly thought of by those who know it; who are extremely faithful to their work; who are extremely poor."

Wood's pictures are printed in color and show different phases of the work being done at Boulder Dam.

* * *

Mildred Pearson of Santa Barbara is visiting with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Dave Nixon.

Poetry

Answer to An Age Old Question

With quiv'ring lips. Breathing soft sighs.
The woman put the question.
Lines of anxiety, 'round tearbright eyes,
were proof of need, of honest man's direction.

"To quiet the pain that's gnawing on my life,
answer the riddle of all ages.
You, who have weathered storms and strife,
well know the torment that within me rages.

"Tell me, ere from my hopes I drift too far.
Lest Heaven sends deliverance from above.
Clear for me, now, the myst'ry, old as yonder star.
Oh, man of conscience. What is Love?

"Is it the fire born of passion rare
that sears? Then chills? Consumes all pride?
Is it the torture of exquisite pain bought dear?
Or? Longings too selfish for shame to hide?

"Something that fetters, with shackles of guilt?
Something that hurts? Destroys? Brings Death?
Turns into Furies women sweetly willed?
Something that changes to Hate, in one short breath?

"Oh. Man of appearance, so upright and straight.
Relieve the tension that frantic me drove.
Enlighten my darkness. Speak unafraid!
Be kind and tell me. What is Love?

And though my own heart sadly quailed
My lowered eyes with grief wrung tears were dim.
As abject coward I would stand, had then I failed
to give her comfort. Revived her Faith in Him?

"Dearest of women. Love is like yonder rocky shore.
Immutable. Unchanged, by wave of Life or Fortune's spray.
Love is the Loyalty of Northern Star.
Love is the Honesty and Warmth of Summer's Day.

"Love leaves no scars. Its Fire does not sear.
Love Heals our sorrows. Life, gives to us its flame
and Freedom from the selfishness we fear.
Love, as a God Inspired Force down through — the Ages came."

Quiet was the woman. The question I had met.
A kiss of gratefulness she pressed upon my hands.
I left her, and in confusion fled.
That kiss will linger as long my reason stands.

l'envoi

Dearest of Women. So close. And yet—so far.
You failed me. Just, when I needed you the most.
Away out there. 'Neath the Ev'ning Star.
I'll worship you and vow my Love to Neptune's host.

My smiling laughter, may it bring
to you a peacefulness of soul. Tranquility!
And merry songs to you I'll sing
and, you will never know, I suffer, through Eternity!

—Edward Willett Burns

Sol (e) iloquy

(Song for a man with sibilant enunciation, to the accompaniment of wind instruments and rubbing sand papers.)

Sprayed by the spindrift and soothed by the swish
Of waters swift, sullen, once ultramarine,
I stand on this reef and see shoals of fish
In lee shallows, lazing, pacific, serene.
Ssh! Now I envision strife internecine,
Fierce, savage, seething 'neath the vast salty span—
Sword-fish stabbing sole, and sole stalking sardine
That unwisely swam from its sheltering can.

—Tom Thienes

Ballad to Vittles and Vim

Herr Schmidt was a man of vigor and pluck;
His vim he never would vitiate
By stuffing himself with steak, trout or duck.
Hunger he'd ever propitiate
With spinach, the only dish he ate.
A man of courage indeed was Herr Schmidt,
For never flesh, fowl or fish he ate—
Just spinach, because it filled him with grit.

—Tom Thienes

* * *

John Rockwell and Thomas Warren arrived in Carmel last week end to spend the summer vacation with their parents. Both attend the University of California.

Vanished Lands

By Professor Harold Heath

(Note: This is the first of a series of articles by Professor Heath, a Stanford emeritus, now engaged in research at the Hopkins Marine Laboratory in Pacific Grove.—Ed.)

"A baby dropping its rattle out of its cradle," writes the famous scientist, Jeans, "affects every other particle of matter in the universe." More obvious though not more true is the fact that the two billion odd tons of sediment annually washed down the rivers and deposited along the ocean shore places a burden on old Mother Earth that causes her to creak and groan in an effort to equalize the strain. Delicate instruments record almost continuous shiftings of the earth's materials, while every now and then, or, for publicity purposes let us say, at rare intervals the shift is sufficient to shake down a few chimneys and rattle the crockery.

Along our own coast there have been periods of continental depression, but, what augurs well for the economic future, there have been corresponding risings to normalcy at least.

At the present time numerous soundings clearly indicate that the Carmel and Salinas rivers, for example, long ago coursed down gently sloping valleys bordered by rolling hills to outlets several miles to the west of today's shore line. This ancient coast was much as it is today with sloping beaches and beetling cliffs, but a gradual subsidence ensued and these features are hidden beneath the sea.

Whether a land mass extended still farther to the west eons ago no one knows, but accumulating evidence answers in the affirmative. The nature of some of the sediments in the Sacramento Valley, of some of the rocks in the Santa Barbara Islands, of elevated land masses disclosed by soundings, and the character of certain fossils seem to tell us of a western extension of the continent.

This extension, Gondolon if you choose, or Salinia, as a portion of it is named by scientists, may well have supported a forest of Monterey pines, Gowan's and the Monterey cypress. And furthermore, while it is true that this last named tree is a native of Cypress Point and Point Lobos it is also safe to say that not one is over four hundred years of age. If "some were old in the days of Hiram of Troy" then one is driven to the belief that said Hiram was experiencing a reincarnation.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Nye and son, Paul, returned Sunday from San Francisco where they motored last Thursday to visit with their son Douglas who is with "The Drunkard." "The Drunkard" played at the Palace Hotel last week.

Hey, Waiter!

A SHORT STORY

By SALLY SCARLETT

The man drove with terrible swiftness over the hot pavement. Mirages glimmering ahead were passed almost as soon as they were seen. Insects crashed with sickening impact against the windshield, spraying their yellow contents in crazy patterns on the glass.

But the man was thinking. Deeply. He didn't know that there were mirages, nor insects, nor did he notice the heat rolling relentlessly and powerfully over his face and bared arms. He scarcely knew that he was driving, yet he drove with a sureness and dexterity that bespoke an intimate knowledge of the road he was traveling.

Esther and Beverly . . . Beverly and Esther . . . the eternal triangle. With one swift turn of the wheel he could end everything. It would save the happiness of Esther and the two children. For himself and Beverly, there perhaps would never be complete happiness anyway. What a colossal mess! To be in love with someone else's wife, your wife's best friend at that, and with the destiny of three little children involved . . . Beverly's son and his own small daughters. Things like this only happen in stories, but he had already argued that out. Four years is a long time to be in love with someone you can't have.

He thought about Esther . . . small, blond, faithful . . . why couldn't he love her? She must realize that he didn't. But then, her love was so tender and overpowering that she might not be able to see.

He thought about Beverly . . . dark, tempestuous, vital . . . and he clenched the wheel tighter in his large, tanned hands.

He slowed down to fifty for a left turn off the highway and came to an abrupt stop behind a straggling, squat house, covered with ivy. A sign over the doorway proclaimed Tessie's Tea Room. It was both hellish and heavenly meeting Beverly under cover of these little, highway dumps. He left the car under an old pepper tree where drab, white chickens scratched lazily in the dirt, and walked quickly across the hot yard into the smothering interior of the building.

She was there in the end booth. Something unexplainable always happened to the pit of his stomach at the sight of her. Today she had on an old, polka-dot house dress and a crazy, cocky little hat sitting back on her dusky waves. Her great, brown eyes flamed when she saw him and she stopped picking nervously at her gloves for an instant.

He drew the curtains before he kissed her.

"Have you thought of anything yet?" she asked.

He traced the small bridge of her nose and looked long at the lovely, red mouth and deep eyes.

"I thought you hadn't come yet . . . where's your car?" he said.

"Steve had to have it today, so Peggy let me off on her way to town. He got a bid for a job in Centerville."

"Honey, I don't see how I can stand it much longer."

"Four years is a long time."

"We'll either have to tell them, or—"

"Don't! I couldn't stand it! If anything ever happened to you . . . "

"Esther still loves me. I wish she didn't."

"I wish she didn't, too. Steve would never let me go. I really think that he would kill me first." She was almost tearing her gloves to shreds. "I wish that I had never met Esther . . . it would be so much easier. I care more for her than any woman friend I have."

"She likes you, too."

They sat silent for a few moments. A waiter parted the curtains.

"Two beers," the man ordered. The waiter went away.

"Lee, doesn't Esther think something is wrong?"

"No. Except that she thinks the reason you never come to see her any more is because you dislike me. And she thinks that Steve doesn't like us."

"Steve likes you. But I just can't go . . . it makes me feel like a hypocrite."

"I know, dear," he said.

"Esther doesn't like Steve, does she?"

"No. How did you know?"

"She shows it . . . woman's intuition."

"She thinks he's crude."

"He's been good to me, except that he's horribly jealous."

"Don't talk about him, darling," he said. "It's enough to be tortured with the thought that he lives in the same house with you. Oh, God!"

With tear-edged eyes she crept into his arms and patted his bowed head tenderly.

The outer door slammed, letting in a gust of heat and two or three people, who entered the booth next to theirs and sat down with deep sighs. The waiter came back with the beer and a yellow bowl of pretzels.

The beer was good and cold. They sipped it slowly. The people in the next booth were talking in whispers. The waiter went to take their order.

Beverly slid her hat farther back on her head and nibbled indifferently at a pretzel.

Lee looked at her for a long moment.

"Do you know, dear, I would love you if you didn't have any hair or teeth and walked around on a wooden leg."

She smiled fondly, and whispered back, "Old fools are the worst fools. Me with my varicose veins and you with your sinus trouble. A couple of derelicts seeking paradise."

"And I have housemaid's knee." He raised his trouser leg and showed her a swollen, bumpy joint that had been through more than one college football game.

She touched it softly and pulled the trousers back over it. He caught her slim, nervous hand and buried his face in it.

"Oh, Lord, how can I stand it!"

"We must be careful. I don't want either of us to be shot."

He nodded, and said in a low voice. "If Esther found out about us, she could ask for a big alimony. Naturally, I will pay for the support of the children, but I can't afford alimony."

"I have a little money."

He shook his head. "No. This is my problem."

Again they sat silent. A woman's voice slid through the hot air . . . the woman in the adjacent booth.

"Darling, I can't stay long. I left the kids with Auntie. He will be home early tonight . . . Saturday."

Lee raised his head swiftly, ears straining. Beverly looked at him with wide, horrified eyes.

Then a man answered, gruffly: "It makes me sore, having you go home to cook for *him!*"

"I know, dearest, but what can I do? I think he'd shoot me if he found out. What *can* I do?" She repeated, a little hysterically.

Beverly now had her hand over her mouth, like a small, surprised child, eyes fairly popping. Lee gripped her hand and drew her along with him. Together, they parted the curtains in the next booth and stood looking down at their respective wife and husband. The four of them stared for some time, and then Lee called in a more jubilant voice than he had used in a long time: "Hey, waiter! Four more beers!"

La Bonita Beauty Shop
We Specialize in
PERMANENT WAVING ~ HAIR DYEING
Telephone 737

Would It Be Worth While

By The Spectator

Some one has said, "Government is by an aggressive minority."

During prosperous times, this might indicate a lack of interest on the part of the majority. At the present time, the indications are, that there is a lively interest in all matters of government, and if there is any lack of participation, it is probably due to a feeling of insufficient information upon which to act.

At least, that is the way it appears to me in Carmel, and the public must not be blamed if you or I think they decide wrongly. Is it not better to turn down or oppose a proposition you do not understand, than to guess at its correct solution?

Probably our City Council has been influenced by the fifty or sixty or more people who have crowded into the council chamber on various occasions, and while it may have been an "aggressive minority," can anyone believe it was representative of Carmel at all times?

These citizens came with one of two intentions. Either to influence the councilmen, and we believe they have done so, or to learn, but we are not so sure they were afforded the opportunity.

According to the records, there are 1280 registered voters in Carmel. There are more than 1400 taxpayers because we have both non-resident taxpayers and non-registered voters who are taxpayers. We pride ourselves in the belief that our people have a high degree of intelligence and an unusual love for and interest in our community. If this is true, why do not more of our people take an active part in our community life?

It is possible that it is entirely due to a lack of information. And our citizens are entitled to this information. How can we give it to them? Most of our people probably wish to know what the Council is doing and why. And the councilmen would like to know what the majority want—not just an "aggressive minority."

I have been trying to discover a reasonable method whereby our voters and taxpayers can learn the facts regarding matters that come before the Council, and in which they are interested or would be if they had all the information.

One way in which this might be done, would be immediately after each meeting, to issue a typewritten mimeograph report, that would be a copy of the clerk's minutes that is to be submitted for approval at the next meeting, and these reports could be mailed to every voter or taxpayer who wished to receive them.

There are at least three ways the cost of such reports might be met. First, by a small charge just sufficient to cover the cost of preparation and mailing. Second, by the taxes. Third, by obtaining donations for this purpose from civic-minded citizens who believe in this idea.

Perhaps you have a better suggestion. What is it?

Sunset School Trustees

Due in a measure to the belief that the Sunset School budget was to be discussed and determined, a considerable number of residents were in attendance at the regular monthly meeting of the Trustees on May 8th. Budget matters, however, will not be taken up until the July meeting was the announcement of Chairman E. H. Ewig.

Requests of the Community Theatre and the Christian Science Church for rental of the school auditorium on June, July and August dates were denied owing to the probability that alterations to conform the building to earthquake resistance laws will then be under way.

Feeling that the salary raises asked for by janitors Hamilton and Harber were inadvisable at this time, the trustees planned to pay the present full salary to one man, provided one or the other obtained other employment. Failing in this, the pay will be equally divided between the two, as has been the custom.

An innovation when the school opens next Fall will be a two-period-a-week domestic science class to be in charge of Miss Blanche Heninger, manager of the school cafeteria. She will be assisted by Mrs. Nellie Walker.

With one exception (due to Mrs. Stewart Montmorency's resignation) the entire present corps of teachers were elected for next year at present salaries. In addition, County Superintendent James G. Force will be requested to continue Mrs. Sarah Rinehart as emergency instructor in all classes and as physical education director.

The average daily attendance, reported by Principal Otto Bardarson, was given as 298. This shows an increase of 100 since the school year of 1928.

At the suggestion of Joseph A. Burge discussion of alleged excessive telephone toll charges was dropped, when it was brought out that the charges were not supported by the facts that only a few cents were unaccounted for.

In a general discussion of school affairs, participated in by the Trustees and the public, the curriculum was criticized and roundly defended; removal of the auditorium roof to make space for class-rooms was suggested; estimates will be sought on cost of completion of two class-rooms was promised by Trustee Ewig; and calling of a bond election at an early date was announced.

* * *

Efforts are being made to put on the field a baseball team of Carmel young women. A Pacific Grove girls' club has issued a challenge to play any team of girls on the Peninsula, and Carmel co-ed ball-hawks would like to be the first to respond. Telephone 756 for further information.

* * *

William Nye, member of the cast of "The Drunkard," which is now playing at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, visited his parents and friends here over the weekend. Bill is one of the barflies and sings a verse in "In the Bushes at the Bottom of the Garden" during the aftershow.

* * *

Subscribers to The Villager not only enjoy a substantial saving, but they are assured of quick and early delivery. The Villager is the only news-magazine presenting an impartial review of all interesting topics.

PARISIAN FRENCH LAUNDRY
Telephone 6318
497 Lighthouse Ave. * Monterey

FROM THE LOWLY ONION TO THE MAKIN'S OF DELICIOUS HORS D'OEUVRES . . . AT YOUR SERVICE 'TIL *ten in the evening!!!*

Leidig's

corner of dolores and ocean avenue * carmel

MISSION CLEANERS

Carbon Tetrachloride Cleaning

OCEAN AVENUE * CARMEL
TELEPHONE 916

A New Deal Or A New Game?

By Agnes Morley Cleaveland

A majority of the voters at the last election called for a new deal in the game of life as that game is played in America but it is by no means certain that they were calling for a new game.

This point has been confused by much dust thrown into the eyes of the public.

The American game of life is played by a set of rules no less definite than the rules governing any sport event. Parenthetically, life is the supreme sport. That is what makes it livable.

The American game of life is unique. Its objective is to discover what lies beyond that curtain of the known, of the traditional, of the already demonstrated. Its goal is the goal of the perpetually youthful, the perpetual pioneer. It is the goal of the truly scientific spirit.

The old world game has been, in the past, largely the effort to stabilize life at some fixed level where, to borrow from the phraseology of aviation, the "ceiling" beyond which it is impossible to go, is the most obvious form of economic benefit known at the moment and making no allowance for a better one.

In other words the American ideal is to keep an "open road for guidance" as distinguished from the attempt to secure any definite form of stability, economic, social or industrial as the supreme end.

When our founders adopted the motto "In God We Trust" they gave expression, in the theological idiom of that day, to the concept of a perpetually evolving social order.

To this end they devised a technique of trial and error whereby progress should be assured and orderly. It is this factor of orderliness that characterizes the American system. Progress itself cannot be stopped, because the human spirit is unquenchable, but it can go forward with violence.

By the separation of governmental functions, judicial, administrative and legislative; by limitation, due to the perpetual challenge of a vigilant minority, to the domination of the majority, in short by constitutional guarantees of certain fundamental rights to the individual, orderly progress and a steadily ascending standard of living is inevitable.

Our history for 150 years is proof of this. We became, as a nation, the envied of the earth and when we were forced to close our door to the millions who sought entrance, loud were the protests.

And now we are told that the American game has broken down because the golden rewards which were supposed to lie at the end of our national rainbow are not instantly available for every one.

Did the game break down or were the rules so violated that the game itself was threatened? Do we want to abandon the game, that of an evolving social order in favor of the only possible alternative, some form of dictatorship?

There is no third choice. Choice lies between self-government or government imposed upon a voiceless people.

However, something did break down. It was the national sense of good sportsmanship. The rules of the game were not adhered to.

Law observance is the soul of guaranteed human rights. In return for those rights the individual pledges himself to obey the law. He does it in a spirit of good sportsmanship knowing that the rules provide for his "turn at the bat"—an opportunity for the minority to crusade for its ideas.

In this give and take of life, there is guaranteed to dissenters from the majority will as much of freedom as is consistent with the livable average of social vision.

The radicalism of today is the conservatism of tomorrow. This nation has swung from extreme to extreme while still playing the game according to the rules of constitutional safeguards to individual rights and liberties.

The Bill of Rights is its book of rules. Let anyone ask himself what he would substitute for these rules and escape dictatorship.

A new deal is not a new game. A new game might well prove to be a raw deal.

$10,000 Prize Won by American Author

Samuel Rogers, a native of Newport, R. I., is announced as the winner of the *Atlantic Monthly* third $10,000 prize for his novel, "Dusk at the Grove." The aim of the competition was "to secure the most distinctive novel . . ." The action of the story takes place near Newport. This is the third *Atlantic* prize novel, and the first to be written and won by an American.

Previous winners were Mazo de la Roche, a Canadian, with "Jains," and Ann Bridge, an Englishwoman, with "Peking Picnic."

Gloria Stuart Seeks Divorce Trial Separation Fails

Gloria Stuart, pretty Carmel girl who made good in the movies, announced recently that she will seek a divorce from her sculptor husband, Gordon Newell, after a "trial separation" failed to bring the proper results.

Miss Stuart said that she and her husband met in a friendly conference and talked it over and decided that, since they could not get along together, a divorce was the only way of solving the problem.

Both Miss Stuart and Newell are well known here, having made their home in Carmel before the actress won success in Hollywood. While in Carmel Miss Stuart was a reporter for the *Carmelite*.

[redacted]
MATHEW STAHL MOTOR COMPANY
Packard Service
San Carlos near Ocean Ave. • Telephone 888
[redacted]

. . . . DRINK
INDIAN SPRING WATER
TELEPHONE 150
AMERICAN MINERAL WATER CO.

ELECT
Joseph E.
MITCHELL,
Sheriff
of Monterey County
Primary Election, August 28th

The Yarn Shop
BERNAT YARNS AND INSTRUCTION
Dolores Street opposite Post Office

HERMANN'S
380 ALVARADO ST. • MONTEREY
OPEN ALL NIGHT
Meals • Sandwiches • Dutch Lunch

Potts on How to Revolute!

Today I must tell you of my only too recent experience in Wahunco. Word came to my paper that a revolution was about to occur in the little South American country of Wahunco, providing the revolutionists could get a down payment and finance the balance. A kindly European power, philanthropic as any good old money lender, was willing to aid the Wahuncoans' revolt, providing that they, the foreign power, could hold the pink slip . . .

The Wahuncoans replied that they could hold a whole sackful of pink slips, if they would just lend them a couple of hand grenades and a machine gun.

I got to Wahunco at the same time as the machine gun. Enthusiastic boosters as the Wahuncoans are—if a little over excitable—they thought it would be a mark of respect to my country if they used the first round of bullets on me . . .

With my every ready wit, I pointed out that this would cause their president to feel hurt, as he was the head man and I was only a newcomer, so why not use it on him? They did this, and I shall never forget the look of gratitude on the departing presidente's face.

He was so pleased he couldn't speak, he just grinned from ear to ear beneath his gag. A similar procedure could be followed out with a lot of these local gag men . . .

Consternation set up in the revolutionary forces after they shot their president, for now they had no one to revolt against. The standing army was long since running . . . and the Navy had rowed ashore and deserted its two rowboats.

Quick-tempered as the Wahuncoans are, they were about to blame me for their dilemma. I was in a quandary, but again by my quick thinking, saved the day. An old war co-respondent like Horace Potts was not the one to be shot in his quandary. Oh, no! I turned and faced them. This maneuver unsteadied their aim, and I made them a proposition. I told them that if they *must* have their revolution, we should choose sides, and the chooser who called "heads" would be the new presidente and could be shot by the loser. Handing them my lucky coin, the one with heads on both sides, I anxiously awaited the result. Picture my chagrin when my side, the side owning the two hand grenades, called out "tails." Again the goddess of fortune smiled on me as my lucky coin rolled down the one and only Wahuncoan drain pipe!

No one else having a coin, we called the whole thing off and I traded the revolutionaries my portable typewriter for their machine gun, telling them a slight untruth. I said that my typewriter was a weapon mightier than the sword, and that if they would put it in my cabin on the homeward-bound boat, it would undoubtedly be the cause of my complete and eventual ruin.

So here I am, back again, after another thrilling tête à tête with death, and if you folks know anyone in Chicago who'll make me a fair offer, I'll trade them a machine gun and two slightly used hand grenades for a nice chocolate ice cream soda! Cheerio until next week.

Pulitzer Prize Winners Announced

The annual list of Pulitzer prize winners was announced on May 7th at Columbia University, New York City.

No other event in the field of letters, not even the annual Nobel awards, has a greater interest to those devoted to literature in all its forms, to music and art development, than the Pulitzer awards.

Of particular interest is the fact that this year two Californians are among the winners.

Some of those who won distinction and monetary prizes are as follows:

For the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during 1933, a gold medal, costing $500; The Medford, Oregon, *Mail Tribune* for its campaign against unscrupulous politicians.

JOURNALISM: For distinguished service as a foreign or Washington correspondent during 1933, $500; Frederick T. Birchall of the *New York Times*.

For a distinguished example of a reporter's work during the year, $1000; Royce Brier of the *San Francisco Chronicle* for his account of the lynching of the kidnappers in San Jose.

For a distinguished example of a cartoonist's work, $500; Edmund Duffy of the *Baltimore Sun* for his cartoon "California Points With Pride—!"

LETTERS: For the best novel published by an American author, $1000; "Lamb in His Bosom," by Caroline Miller of Baxley, Georgia.

For the original American play, performed in New York, which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage, $1000; "Men in White," by Sidney Kingsley of New York.

For the best book of the year upon the history of the United States, $2000; "The People's Choice," by Herbert Agar, now in London, England.

For the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish service to the people, $1000; "John Hay," by Tyler Bennett, a professor at Princeton University.

For the best volume of verse published during the year by an American author, $1000; Robert Hillyear, a professor at Radcliffe College.

TRAVELING SCHOLARSHIPS: Valued at $1500 each, to graduates of the Columbia School of Journalism, to enable them to spend a year of study in Europe, were awarded to: Betty Turner of Oakland, California; Fred Gruin of North Bergen, New Jersey; and Harold A. Bezazian of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Rowntree left yesterday for Oregon where Cedric will take up his duties as a forest ranger.

Market Del Mar
TELEPHONE
CARMEL 964
Groceries, Fruits
and Vegetables
Dolores between Seventh and Eighth

WHEN WE
LUBRICATE
YOUR CAR
WE
TAKE THE ANNOYING
SQUEAKS
OUT
AND *keep* THEM
OUT
A·C·GRIMSHAW
FIFTH & SAN CARLOS

The Way I See It

STATION WLO
BROADCASTING

The outstanding attraction in (or near) Carmel, aside from its natural beauties, is the Carmel Mission. Building of the edifice was started by Father Junipero Serra in 1771—five years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The coming local Serra Festival will take cognizance of this important Peninsula historical event.

* * *

The irony of it! Pacific Grove citizens vote a $60,000 bond issue to purchase and improve beach property for purely recreational purposes. Carmel voters turn down a proposed $72,000 bond issue to finance a much needed sanitary sewage disposal system. Ho, hum!

* * *

This year's July presentation of Forest Theater plays will mark the twenty-fifth year of such productions, without a break, not even the war years. A quarter of a century is a long time to carry the torch, but there have always been those willing and eager to bear the burden.

* * *

An institution of which Carmelites should be particularly proud is the public library. It is among the best of its kind and many visitors commend it. Many times I talked with Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison, who founded the library in memory of her husband, Justice Ralph Chandler Harrison, about the various features to be included in the library. Mrs. Harrison's untimely passing made impracticable the establishment of several features.

* * *

The late Benjamin Ide Wheeler, eminent President of the University of California, once remarked that the cheapest commodity available was advice. I am reminded of this by the deluge of gratuitous advice offered concerning the conduct and function of THE VILLAGER. It's O. K. with us, but were we to adopt every suggestion, this news-magazine would be a monumental hodge-podge.

* * *

The present illness of Governor James Rolph recalls the illness and death, while in office, of another California Governor. Washington Bartlett, who had been Mayor of San Francisco, was one of the few Democrats to be elected this State's Governor. He was succeeded by Lieutenant-Governor Henry Markham, a Republican. Interesting also is the fact that of all the California Governors since 1850 only one has been re-elected—Hiram W. Johnson.

* * *

Perusing a list of California's Great and Near-Great recently, I came upon a great deal of interesting information concerning some of the men of our own times, men that we know. I was surprised to learn that three of those listed were natives of Sacramento, born within a few blocks of each other. The men are Senator Hiram W. Johnson, former Carmel Mayor John Catlin, and the publicist, Lincoln Steffens. Are we proud?

The Political Outlook

By W. L. OVERSTREET

This is a political year. Already the whisperings and contentions and rumblings of the candidates and their sponsors and adherents are being broadcasted throughout the land by word of mouth, by radio and in the public prints.

There are to be two statewide elections this year, the Primary or run-off election in August and the General Election in November. As always in these elections there will be a strenuous, exciting and sometimes amusing preliminary campaign.

The top position in the balloting will be that for United States Senator. At this writing it appears that the incumbent Senator, Hiram W. Johnson, has pretty much of a walkaway, Republicans and Democrats being practically united in his behalf.

Not so in the contest for Representative in Congress from the Eighth California District. The position is now held by John J. McGrath, Democrat, who will be candidate for re-nomination and re-election. He will have strong opposition not only from the Republicans but from within his own party as well, in what is normally a Republican district. It is also a strong protective tariff district. McGrath was elected on his wet stand on the prohibition question. Prohibition being no longer a political issue, he will be obliged to go before the electorate on a straight party basis, getting what prestige he may from the federal administration.

Next in order of importance is the much-scrambled contest for Governor of California. This is a contest in which no one can predict a possible winner until all the primary entries are in. In both big parties just now there are many active and passive candidates. For the Republicans, former Governor C. C. Young appears to have the inside track. The Democratic situation is much complicated by the candidacy of the erstwhile Socialist, Upton Sinclair, and by violent internal party strife.

The fact that Franklin D. Roosevelt carried the State for the Democrats is no assurance that the Democrats can elect a Governor. This regardless of registration figures.

For other State officers and for members of the Legislature but little interest has as yet been aroused, though all the parties have announced their intention to place full tickets in the field.

(Later on THE VILLAGER will present an article on the activities of candidates for county offices. From time to time thereafter latest political developments will be published.)

Jean Ritchie
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC YARNS
BAGS / NEEDLEPOINT / NOVELTIES
EL PASEO COURT / CARMEL

Slip Covers
DRAPES *and* CURTAINS
Tailored Bed Spreads and Cushions
Ethel Cooke
Fifth and Torres / Box 326

MILTON LATHAM
Architect
CARMEL / BY / THE / SEA
TELEPHONE 879

GEORGE P. ROSS
ATTORNEY AT LAW
La Giralda Building
Dolores at Seventh
Telephone Carmel 1003

Life More Abundant

A SOCIAL CREDIT PROPHECY

By Bernard Rowntree

Chapter 2

May

"Did you see the big news in the paper this morning, Joe?"

"No, what happened?"

"It's a huge joke on a lot of people. It seems there are about forty million voters. That seems a lot but the paper says there are about seventy-five million men and women over twenty-one years old."

"But, Bill, how come the big difference?"

"Don't you see, Joe, there have been a lot of people too indifferent or careless to register and also there are lots of foreigners here who never became Americans."

"You mean they didn't get their Dividend last month?"

"Yes, and most of them won't get it this month, and it serves 'em right."

"Gee, I'll bet they're mad. What can they do about it?"

"The paper says they are rushing to register or get naturalized."

"Well, I should think they would, and I guess now they see some use in being American citizens."

"Yes, and to think they have been living here and not caring enough to vote or become Americans, and I'll bet we have been supporting lots of them during the depression."

"I say, Bill, I expect lots are those folks who were laughing at our Common Cultural Inheritance. Now they are wishing they were in on it."

"It sure is a fine picture of 'My country 'tis of thee,' and it makes a fellow feel this is his country all right."

"Do you know, Bill, I hate to confess it, but I didn't place much store on that Inheritance business and I didn't understand just what it meant."

"But, Joe, just what does it mean? I kinder hated to ask when everybody else seemed to know. I didn't like to act like a dumb egg."

"Well, Bill, if I got it straight, it means that all of us own some part of everything that has been done, like all the inventions and all we know about how to make things. Take that electric light there. Think of all the machinery and what do they call 'em, transmission systems, and the lamps themselves, why most of the men who found out all about it are dead now and no man living has the right to control it or get all the profit out of it. It belongs to all of us."

"I'm beginning to get the hang of it. And Joe, I suppose the same is true with everything we know about farming and lots of other things. It's kinder like being a stockholder in a large company."

"That's the way I dope it out. Stockholders in the United States Incorporated, eh? Gosh, I never felt so proud of being an American before, and to think of all those saps who didn't care enough to register or become Americans."

"It certainly makes a fellow want to make his country better and bigger. What chance would a Red have getting anyone to start a revolution now? It would be a joke."

"I'll tell the world, and by the way, the paper says people in other countries are asking why they can't have it."

(To be continued next week)

Local Pistol Club Displays Exhibit of Trophies

The Carmel Pistol Club had an interesting display of their trophies, medals and guns in the windows of the Town and Country Shop last week.

The medals belonged to individual shooters and were some of the highest awards given in the country for slow-fire shooting.

Along with the trophies were several ancient pistols, photographs of the club in action and an expensive telescope used for spotting shots on targets. This telescope was presented to the Pistol Club by Dr. R. A. Kocher.

* * *

Louis H. Levinson and Ray Moore left last Thursday morning for a two weeks' camping trip near Mono Lake.

* * *

Among the guests at Hotel La Ribera during the past week were: Mr. A. J. O'Connor, art director for Cecil B. DeMille in Hollywood, and Mr. and Mrs. S. Bruckner of Fresno who are frequent visitors in Carmel.

TOMORROW'S
CAR . . . TODAY!

The new
Air-Flow

De Soto

is INDISPUTABLY
the most modern,
comfortable
and economical
motor car
built today

TELEPHONE FOR
A DEMONSTRATION

John Anderson

Monterey Peninsula De Soto and Plymouth Dealer

240 MAIN STREET • MONTEREY
Telephone 3742

OCEAN AVENUE NEAR MISSION
Telephone Carmel 170

Penha and Linsley Concert Huge Success

Playing with a verve and feeling that most certainly marks Mr. Penha as one of our foremost cellists, the concert given by this artist last Saturday night marked a high point for the Denny-Watrous entrepreneurs.

Ralph Linsley, whose accompaniment was easily worth half the admission, almost "stole" the show by his excellent assistance to Michel Penha.

Frescobaldi, Bach, Haydn and Senallie were exceptionally well rendered by these two musicians.

A nicely filled house showered the artists with easily earned plaudits. More of these delightful recitals would be well received here in Carmel. —P .O'C.

Graduation Exercises at Sunset School

Graduation exercises for the eighth grade class at Sunset School will be held on Friday, June 1, at 7:30 in the evening. O. W. Bardarson, principal, has made a list of requirements in regard to uniformity in dress which has been considered and accepted by parents of graduates during past years as quite satisfactory.

"It has been our policy to stress simplicity and economy," states Bardarson, "and uniformity in dress has proven to be far more successful than indiscriminate choice.

"Also, it has not been customary to bring flowers or presents for presentation to the graduates. The reasons are obvious and it is my hope that the essential features of the above suggestions be retained in formulating plans for the present year."

Following is a list of requirements considered and accepted by parents during past years: Girls: white sports-dress, wash silk or pique; white oxfords or pumps, medium or low heel, *not* high; white socks. Boys: white trousers, cords or duck; white "V" neck slip-over sweaters; white shirts; black ties and black oxfords.

1 1 1

Fay Murphy, daughter of M. J. Murphy, Carmel contractor, and A. Sidney Jones of Hayward, were married in Nevada last Tuesday. The couple are honeymooning at Lake Tahoe.

The couple will make their home in Hayward where Mr. Jones is a road contractor.

Flash! Flash! Leidig Gas!

Crowded out by last minute rush of advertising, Dale Leidig, well known young-man-about-town, is not represented in this issue by the large ad he placed extolling the merits of Texaco gasoline. Watch for it next week, it will be twice as big!

Mr. Leidig, a familiar figure at Del Monte dances, also dispenses tires and batteries.

STELLA'S
DRY GOODS STORE
Dry Goods
SOUTH SIDE OF OCEAN
AT CORNER OF DOLORES

Carmel Style Shop
MODELS FROM
BRUCKNERS
Ocean below Lincoln
Telephone 1082

CHEVROLET MOTOR CARS

Come in and see the full line of CHEVROLET MOTOR CARS just received by us from the factory. This is the largest single shipment of CHEVROLETS ever received in Carmel. In the shipment is the new Standard Six . . . the world's lowest-priced six-cylinder automobile . . . identical with the master six in design. A car that will continue to give service!

DELIVERED PRICES IN CARMEL ARE:

Coach	$686.60
Coupe	676.35
Roadster	656.50

Our Exceptional Preferred List of Used Cars

These used cars, displayed by us, are the cleanest and finest used cars on the entire peninsula. We are noted for selling our used cars at reasonable prices . . . not to be compared elsewhere. All are guaranteed and we fully believe in taking care of our customers.

1931 Chevrolet Coach	$345.00
1930 Chevrolet Coupe	245.00
1928 Chrysler 72 Road.	200.00

San Carlos Chevrolet Sales & Service

Seventh and San Carlos » Telephones: Carmel 560 and Carmel 1123W